

A TALE of RED ROSES

By
GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

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(Continued.)
She found it difficult as he smiled so frankly and boyishly at her to remember that this was a man whose name was known throughout the civilized world for his keen thought upon political economy in its broadest sense, and the astounding part of it was that he was so good looking, graceful and self-possessed and, most astounding of all, that he immediately began to talk to her about baseball.

The equally eminent musician, just behind him, claimed Professor Watt's attention for a moment, and Molly glanced complacently back along the line. Mrs. Allerton, the wife of the senator, was just behind her, looking hot daggers into her shoulder blades, and Molly, suppressing a giggle as she noted the purple condolence ribbons nailed on with furniture tacks, gazed calmly through her at the other social Lucezia Borgias, whom she had passed as a ruthless bound.

Also she cast her eyes downward, with much satisfaction, at her own extravagantly simple frock of pearl woven white chiffon. Only youth and a good figure could dare a frock like that, and, happy in her new enemies, Molly glanced at the dance program which had been made out for her.

She caught her breath with incredulous joy as she saw her allotment. Every notable in the gathering was on her card, beginning with the governor. No. 9 was Sledge, and she wondered, with dawning horror, what sort of figure he would be in the dance.

CHAPTER IV.

Molly's Dizzy Popularity.
THUS sped the evening, with Molly climbing the dizzy heights of popularity in hourly increasing excitement. She not only had a notable partner for every dance, but a brilliant partner for every tete-a-tete between numbers, and the almost equally happy, though not so highly favored, Fern, warned her, in a giggling, whispered moment, to keep her back to the wall lest she be stabbed. Her cup of happiness was full when the famous musician, a near-sighted man who wore his hair short and inspected her rapturously through half-inch thick glasses, composed a sparkling little rondo for her at a piano



Inspected Her Rapturously Through Half-Inch Thick Glasses.

in a quiet little alcove and named it "Molly" and wrote it on her dance card, all in the space of seven minutes. True, he had danced with her two numbers before and had had time to think of her—possibly to think of her in rondo terms.

Occasionally she caught sight of Sledge in the throng, although she had not seen him on the floor, and she realized that her number with him would be a "sit out." Perhaps that was why he had been put down so far in the program, when she would welcome a rest. It was like his doing, for she had to acknowledge that he was at least farsighted.

One thing perplexed her. He was much less awkward and much more at ease here than he had been at her party. Whenever she saw him he was talking gravely with men of large affairs, and, to her surprise, she observed that, in every case, he was accorded notable respect. Even the musician seemed absorbedly interested in him, and her leading millionaire came back to him again and again. She wondered why men sought him, and she was still wondering when the eminent sociologist fairly snatched her out of the arms of the mayor after the eighth dance.

"Come and watch me smoke a cigarette," he begged her. "I've been trying to get a chance to talk with you again the entire evening, but there's always such an increasingly mad scramble around you that the attempts made me feel undignified."

"You'd worry a lot about that," she

"Wouldn't I?" he laughed. "Will you chill if we step out on the terrace?" "I don't know how," she happily told him, and they hurried outside, where he led her to a seat in the moonlight and deftly made her comfortable with three cushions from as many chairs.

Sledge and Senator Allerton passed them as he lighted his cigarette, and he looked after Sledge until the match burned his fingers.

"There is the biggest man I have seen in a long while," he remarked as he sat beside her on the settee.

"They say he is not only the boss of the city, but of the state," replied Molly, very much interested. "You know that, don't you?"

"Of course," he acknowledged, "but I scarcely think that would influence my judgment. I have studied a great many men of more power and influence than he has at present, but none of them, so far as I can recollect, seemed to have his elemental force. Whenever he was born, he would have been a leader. He is a wonderful man. Throw him in a savage country and he would be king."

A huge figure approached them. "Hello, Watt," rumbled the deep voice of Sledge. "My dance, Molly."

"Well, you having a good time?" asked Sledge, sitting comfortably in the seat Mr. Watt had just vacated.

"The time of my life," she assured him, with happy animation.

"That's the word," he heartily approved. "If there's anybody here you want just tell Cameron. If he don't trot 'em right over tell me."

"The mayor has been very kind," acknowledged Molly, beginning to wonder.

"He's got his orders," returned Sledge complacently. "Let me see your dance program," and he took it from her lap. "I thought so," he commented. "There's a dark horse turned up, and you didn't get him."

"A dark horse?" she faltered.

"A ringer," he explained. "Lord Bunnchase. Andrew Lepton, the big coffee monopolist, sneaked him in here under an alias, and nobody's on. He puzzled over the card a moment. 'Excuse me till I fix it,' and he stalked away."

Molly sat silently, allowing a cold wave of humiliation slowly to chill her soul. Why, Sledge had carefully prearranged her triumph of the evening. He had assumed control of her dance card and of her succession of delightful tete-a-tetes. He had driven the star performers into her net as if they had been doves of sheep. True, men had sought her a second time of their own accord because of that charm which she knew she possessed—a vaguely understood attractiveness, which was more than beauty, more than cleverness, more than mere sex receptiveness. She had won by her own power, but Sledge had given her the glorious opportunities. His omnipotence began to annoy her and his ruthlessness to inflame her already inflamed resentment.

She knew precisely what was happening at this moment. He was creating havoc in not less than half a dozen dance matters, with changes in public sentiment, the investing class upon which the public depends for prosperity, must always be protected.

"But how?" inquired the senator. "How in this particular case?" "Head 'em off," grunted Sledge. "I'm keeping my stock."

"I'd be glad to hold mine," stated the senator. "But how is it to be made of future value?"

"That's up to you," Sledge replied, rising. "Figure it out and see me tomorrow. Marley, I want to talk to you."

Mr. Marley, today a man worth over a third of a million dollars in the street railway stock alone, arose in offended dignity. He was a trifle too important, too capable and too wealthy to be ordered about like a messenger boy by a man who might shortly be a convicted criminal. Molly had arranged an interview between her father and Bert on the previous afternoon, and Mr. Marley also now knew a thing or two.

"I would suggest tomorrow," he stated coldly. "I should much prefer to talk with you during business hours."

"This ain't business," said Sledge, leading the way into the library where he took a seat in an alcove.

Marley followed him reluctantly. "If it is my family affairs," he began in protest.

"Sit down," directed Sledge. "Bert Glider has been making threats against me."

"Has he?" inquired Marley noncommittally.

"Tell him to quit or make good," ordered Sledge.

"Really, Mr. Sledge, I don't see where I can interfere," reproved Mr. Marley. "The matter is entirely between you and Bert."

"He's a friend of yours," charged Sledge.

"Yes," acknowledged Marley, feeling that he could afford to acknowledge it now that the street car reorganization had gone beyond the point where Sledge could stop it.

"How about this marriage with Molly?"

"That's Molly's affair," stated Marley stiffly.

a quite negotiable tongue. "At the same time, as far as I am privately concerned, I can only regard it as a temporary investment."

"Why temporary?" demanded Frank Marley, who was feeling particularly capable this evening. His \$175,000 worth of street railway stock had been increased to \$262,500. He was to have \$87,500 cash out of the unutilized surplus of the old company, and his daughter, Molly, was the most popular girl at the governor's ball. "The street railway company has always made money, and the city needs additional transportation facilities. We have reached the normal period of extension, and I do not see what is to prevent us from limitless prosperity."

"The franchises," Senator Allerton reminded him. "Your present permits have less than five years to run."

"I have never had any trouble in having them renewed," objected Marley, priding himself on his management.

"Times are changing," sighed Allerton. "There is a growing disposition on the part of the public to charge public service corporations for the use of public property."

"The people are ungrateful," mourned Governor Waver, who had enriched himself through furnishing electric light at his own price to a public utility which had nothing better than gas. "The moment they see a profit on their luxuries they want part of it. An undivided surplus such as the street car company has had is a constant menace."

"That was a sinking fund for extensions and improvements," Marley reminded him. "The state has no right to ask for a division of it."

"They would if we had not put it out of harm's way," insisted the governor. "That much has been saved to the men who really earned it, but I should not like to see a similar profit exposed. To my mind, a 7 per cent dividend is an even worse folly."

"It gives confidence in the stock," argued Marley. "The public would never be so eager to take up this new issue if it had not been for that 7 per cent dividend."

"That's what it was for," interjected Sledge, looking out of the window into the dark garden and vainly hunting the hand hole in the gate.

"It has served its purpose," granted Allerton, but taxpayers are becoming greedy. When they see the stockholders of a public corporation making 7 per cent they want some of it and try to make the corporations pay part of their taxes. In every city of importance the voters are demanding pay for street franchises and making the street railway companies, in addition, bear half the cost of all street improvements."

"It's a bad outlook," agreed Governor Waver. "Frankly, as soon as I receive my new issue of stock I shall have it quietly placed on sale."

Marley looked at him indignantly.

"Why, the street railway company is entering on the greatest period of prosperity in its career," he asserted. "There'll be no trouble about franchises. The city is wild to have the improvements and must have them."

Allerton looked at him wonderingly. "Waver is right," he stated. "I shall sell my own stock, and I'll venture to say that Sledge has already made silent arrangements for disposing of his."

Do you know that the franchises at present granted in this state are renewable and that it is not possible to secure one which is positively safe for longer than ten year periods? When you come to the renewal of your franchises, Marley, you will be met with a demand for pay and will have other restrictions imposed on you. Our present franchise law, in view of the public tendency, is a bad one for investors."

"Let's fix it," suggested Sledge.

"I'm afraid it's too late," protested Allerton.

"Not for a new gag," dissented Sledge. "A new one can be put over quick."

"I fancy that there should be protection somewhere," opined the governor. "No matter what changes in public sentiment, the investing class upon which the public depends for prosperity, must always be protected."

"But how?" inquired the senator. "How in this particular case?"

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(To Be Continued.)

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Thursday	7:30 to 12.	1 to 5:30
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THE SONG OF SAINT LOUIS

Hope springs eternal in the human breast. (Everybody is conceding the American League flag to Fielder Jones and his consolidated Brownies.—St. Louis Star.)

And it is that which gives life to life's zest.

Give Higgins another good south-paw pitcher and a good right-hand hitter for his outfield and the Cards are apt to breeze in with the flag.—Ditto.

Last year, 'tis true, we finished in the luck.

(The uncertainties of baseball are proverbial, but it is difficult to see how St. Louis can be deprived of a pennant this year.—St. Louis Times.)

But now we're bound to have a change of luck.

(Two pennants for St. Louis * * * quite within the realm of the possible.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.)

Ambition gives us neither peace nor rest.

(Will the next world's championship be staged in the Mound City?—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

Hope springs eternal in the human breast.

(So also St. Louis Republic. St. Louis Westliche Post, St. Louis Sporting News, St. Louis Christian Advocate, etc., etc.)

The Skating "Milers"

The widespread revival of interest in skating and other ice sports this winter is likely to result in a lowering of records which have stood for years. While the Scandinavians in general, and the Norwegians in particular, excel in this sport, they have had close and persistent rival for supremacy in the crack skaters of the United States and Canada. Tomorrow will be the twenty-ninth anniversary of one of the notable feats of American skaters, as it was on Feb. 1, 1887, that Tim Donohue, Jr., of a

covered one mile straightaway with the wind in 2 minutes 12 3/4 seconds. Ten years later John S. Johnson, the famous professional, did a mile with the advantage of a flying start with the wind, in 2 minutes 8 seconds. In 1902 Norval Baptie equalled Johnson's 2:08 record, skating with the wind, in Minneapolis. Baptie established the American indoor record for the mile, 2 minutes 39 1/2 seconds, at Minneapolis in 1909.

On an outdoor track in Montreal, back in 1901, John S. Johnson set up the American record of 2:35 3/4. At Cleveland in 1913 Robert G. McLean set up a new American amateur record for the mile of 2 minutes 33 1/4 seconds, surpassing by a fraction of a second the record hung up in Brooklyn in 1908.

As an accompaniment of the skating craze there has been a great increase of interest in hockey, and that great ice sport is now being played from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in Uncle Sam's country as well as in Canada. Hockey ought to be a great incentive to leading a better life, for the man who once becomes an enthusiast over the game would naturally have a greater distaste than ever for spending an eternity in a place where ice is not and hockey necessarily impossible.

For speed and action and thrills old Mister Hockey doesn't have to doff his lid to any other sport. Both for player and spectator, few games can offer much excitement as this royal sport of the rinks.

ANNIVERSARIES OF RING BATTLES

1908—Charley Neary and Freddie Welsh fought 10-round draw in Milwaukee. This was the last important ring bout of Neary, the rugged little German-American scrapper who was

knocked out by one of the top-notchers of the lightweight division. Neary was born in Milwaukee and grew to a height of 5 feet 4 1/2 inches.

He commenced fighting in the Creamery, after several victories he was knocked out by Jack Dougherty, the Englishman, in 1901, but he got back at Jack with the same medicine a couple of years later. In 1903 he whipped Battling Nelson and Kid Benny Yarker, and in 1904 he knocked out Kid Herman.

Johnny Thompson and Kid Farmer. Then came a couple of draws with Herrera, the Mexican, and a defeat by Yarker. In 1906 Neary knocked out Kid Farmer, but he was himself put to sleep by Jimmy Briggs in a Los Angeles bout. He lost to Packey McFarland in 1907.

1896—Kid McCoy knocked out

Tommy West in 2nd round at New York.

TRUMBULL

Mrs. Emma Hallock spent Friday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Albert Christie.

The Ladies of the Nichols Episcopal Guild will give a whist on Thursday evening at the home of Mr. Mills of that place. If stormy it will be postponed until Friday evening.

Edgar Ward is working for Contractor Burr on the bungalow being erected for Ernest S. Ward.

Mrs. Stephen J. Parks and Miss Irene Breisford have returned home from a visit with Mrs. Park sister in Hattertown.

Horace L. Fairchild is ill with the grip at his home in Nichols.

What Is Uric Acid? THE CAUSE OF BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL AND SUDDEN DEATH.

Ever since the discovery of uric acid in the blood by Scheele, in 1776, and its had upon the body, scientists and physicians have striven to rid the tissues and the blood of this poison. Because of its overabundance in the system it causes backache, pains here and there, rheumatism, gout, gravel, neuralgia and sciatica. It was Dr. Pierce who discovered a new agent, called "Anuric," which will throw out and completely eradicate this uric acid from the system. "Anuric" has proved to be 37 times more potent than lithia, and consequently you need no longer fear muscular or articular rheumatism, gout, or many other diseases which are dependent on an accumulation of uric acid within the body. Send to Dr. Pierce, of the "Invalide" Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., for a pamphlet on "Anuric," or send 10 cents for a trial package of "Anuric Tablets."

If you feel that tired, worn-out feeling, backache, neuralgia, or if your sleep is disturbed by too frequent urination, go to your best drug store and ask for Doctor Pierce's Anuric Tablets.

Doctor Pierce's reputation is back of this medicine and you know that his "Golden Medical Discovery" for the blood and his "Favorite Prescription" for the kidneys have had a splendid reputation for the past fifty years.

Doctor Pierce's Pellets are unequalled as a Liver Pill. One tiny Sugar-coated Pellet a Dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

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NOTICE
Meeting of the Board of Apportionment and Taxation.

WARNING is hereby given that in accordance with the provisions of the City Charter, a meeting of the Board of Apportionment and Taxation will be held in the Council Chamber, City Hall, on Tuesday, February 1st, 1916, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of receiving the City Auditor's estimate of the amounts required by the department of the city government, for the ensuing year, and his recommendations of appropriations for all city expenses for said year, and of tax on ratable estates of said city as he shall deem necessary to meet said expenses for said fiscal year, and to do any other business proper to be done at said meeting and adjournment thereof.

Dated at Bridgeport this 28th day of January, A. D. 1916.

CLIFFORD B. WILSON, Mayor.

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